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Astonished, confounded,
 With furies surrounded,
 The Critic was seized with despair,
 And fast smote his knees, and erect
 stood his hair.

At length he summoned courage up,
 Tho' the flame still turn'd the bluer,
 "O, good Sir Cloven-foot," he prayed,
 "O spare a poor Reviewer!"

"You lie," the Devil quick returned,
 "Altho' you mean to be civil,
 Politeness may do with an Irishman,
 But it will not do with the Devil*.

"Did you, apostate, traitor, knave,
 E'er hear a bard's petition,
 Who humbly did your mercy crave,
 To save him from perdition?

Shall I then listen to your prayer?
 No, come along with me, sir,
 The bards of hell shall nettle you well,
 And that you soon shall see, sir:
 Mister Mawman so blue,
 With your friend I'll prepare a hot lodg-
 ing for you."

He seiz'd the Critic by the hair,
 And out of the door he sprang, sir,
 And he bore him along thro' the desert
 air,
 And his cries o'er the city rang, sir:
 And every street repeated the cry,
 (No tale was ever truer)
 "O spare me, spare me, Cloven-foot,
 O spare a poor Reviewer."

THE COTTAGE.

By the Rev. Mr. L. of Chester.

By the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 In a neat little cot, that was join'd to a mill,
 Liv'd a family, blest with sweet smiling content,
 And the neighbours caress'd them wherever they
 went.

For old Ralph was a man of devotion and truth,
 Who had walked with his God, from the morning
 of youth,

And the close of his life, like an evening in May,
 Seem'd to promise the cloudless return of the day.

His dear Mary, whom life had made languid and
 pale,

Was once famed for her beauty, the rose of the
 vale:

She was pious, and cheerful, kind-hearted and free,
 And as steadfast in friendship, as mortal could be.

All her household affairs, she could manage with ease,
 And the joy of her heart, was her husband to please;

* His sooty majesty seems here to allude to the
 circumstance of an Irish author having written a
 polite letter to the Critical Reviewer, requesting a
 fair review of his works—and being answered in a
 stile of unexampled ferocity.

At the church, in the village, at market and fair,
 They were known by the name, of the old happy
 pair:

Heaven blest them with children, but took them
 again,

So that now only Ralph and his partner remain;
 Their best hopes were on high, and they feared not
 the grave,

For they leaned on an arm that was mighty to save:

When the stranger sat down, by the side of the way,
 Overcome by his toils, or the heat of the day,
 Poor old Ralph would invite him with hearty good
 will,

To take rest in the cottage, that stood by the mill.

When the cold blast of winter roam'd fearfully
 round,

And the oaks of the forest were torn from the ground,
 When the snow-drifting cloud in the valley was
 spread,

And the dark shades of night filled the traveller with
 dread.

In poor Ralph's little cottage a shelter he found,
 Where the neat blazing hearth shed its lustre around,
 While in sweet social converse the night stole away,
 And the traveller forgot all the toils of the day.

They had no secret hoards, for they pitied the poor,
 And the stranger was never refus'd at their door,
 Forty summers they lived on that sweet little spot,
 And the owners of kingdoms might envy their lot.

But, alas! unexpected their old land-lord died,
 And his heir, a young upstart, the vassal of pride,
 Said poor Ralph's little cottage disfigured his grounds,
 For he, there had determin'd to kennel his hounds.

So the mill and the cottage were ordered away,
 And poor Ralph and his partner no longer could
 stay;

Though resigned, yet they wept, as they walked up
 the hill,

When the workmen began to demolish the mill.

To the poor-house they went, where each ev'ning
 they're seen,

Leaning out of the window that looks o'er the green,
 Where their cottage once stood, and are oft heard
 to say,

While they sigh from the heart, well-a-day! well-
 a-day!

L'ENFANT DE VENUS.

QUI définira cet enfant,
 Aussi vieux que la monde,
 Marmot, don't l'empire comprend,
 Les cieux, la terre, et l'onde,
 Qui, les yeux couverts d'un bandeau,
 Lit dans nos cours, tint la flambeau,
 Qui consume, et faconde.

Ce'st lui qui celebrait Sapho,
 Q'u on adoroit a Croyde,

Qui celebrait la nymphe Echo,
Bruioit la Nereide,
Desarmoit il le dieu de l'enfer,
En taureau changeoit Jupiter,
Fesoit filer Alcide.

Qui rend si fier, qui rend si doux,
Si tendre, si coquette,
Si confiant, et se jaloux,
Si vive, et si discrète,
Qui cede tout pour tout gagner,
Qui si soumit, pour mieux regner,
Qu' on fuit, et qu' on regrette.

Qui par fois, emouvoit la pitié,
Par fois, beut sa charme,
Tantot ressemble a l'amitié,
Et tantot, a la haine,
Qui s'alemente de rigueurs,
Expire en comble des faveurs,
Feu celeste ! ombre vaine !
A Translation required.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

AMONG the most affecting stories of ancient romance, is the beautiful episode of Argalus and Parthenia, in "Sydney's Arcadia," which is founded on a traditional tale of a Lady Montacute; who, in 1456, jousted *en Cavalier*, at a tournament in Berwick. An unpublished poetical romance commemorating this latter circumstance, has been found among the papers of a literary person, from which the following extract is given to the Belfast Magazine.

* * * * *

BRIGHT rose the sun in robes of light,
To woo the blushing morn,
The spangling dew-drops gemm'd the plain,
And sweetly smell'd the thorn.

When Eldra rose, whose trembling heart,
Beat high with doubt and fear,
And oft she heav'd a bursting sigh,
And dropp'd a silent tear.

So wild appear'd her bold emprise,
With such sure dangers fraught,
That death seem'd now her only hope,
Her refuge even from thought.

Arise, she cried, my faithful page,
I hear the trumpet call,
This day shall end thy toil and pain,
By wretched Eldra's fall.

With trembling hand, her burnish'd helm,
Upon her head she placed,
That lovely head more fit to be,
With flow'ry chaplet grac'd.

Then soon they reach the spacious lists,
Where many a gallant knight,
Cours'd gayly on his warrior steed,
Impatient for the fight.

There Scottish lords, of noble race,
In gorgeous arms array'd,
And high-born English gentlemen,
Their wealth and power display'd.

As lilacks near a grove of oaks,
Their slender branches rear,
Even so amid the martial throng,
Did Eldra's form appear.

Then loud the signal trumpet blew,
The tourney to begin,
When foremost in the lists she saw,
Sir Mandlebert ride in.

But oh, how alter'd was his dress,
From what she'd seen before,
For costly now was his attire,
And rich the arms he wore.

Bright diamonds round his golden casque,
Their beaming lustre spread,
And lofty plumes of white and blue,
Wav'd graceful o'er his head.

Upon his shield a ruby heart,
Entwin'd with chaplets shone,
And round it was his motto trac'd,
"I bend to love alone."

But what more strange to Eldra seem'd,
Was that the knight had on;
That very scarf which he as prize,
At Bartram castle won.

From pride, she said, he wears my scarf,
To boast his victory,
And never did he put it on,
For any love of me.

Next came a noble knight of Wales,
Sir Lewin was his name,
Well known at many a solemn joust,
For deeds of peerless fame.

His armour black was barr'd with gold,
A lion grac'd his shield,
And round was written this device,
"The valliant scorn to yield."

And three bold knights did he unhorse,
With dauntless might and main,
Next challeng'd he Sir Mandlebert,
Who fell'd him to the plain.

Despair and love to madness grown,
Fair Eldra's bosom fir'd
And all the strangers manly charms,
Anew her heart inspir'd.

Then wildly rushing through the croud,
To Mandlebert she cried,
Prepare, bold knight, for soon this arm,
Shall check thy haught and pride.

Cease, gentle youth, the knight replies,
Thou canst not vie with me,
For well I wot, thy form and years
With combat ill agree.

Shame on such boasting vain she cries,
Ev'n though my years be few,
I well might couch a shining lance,
With better knights than you.